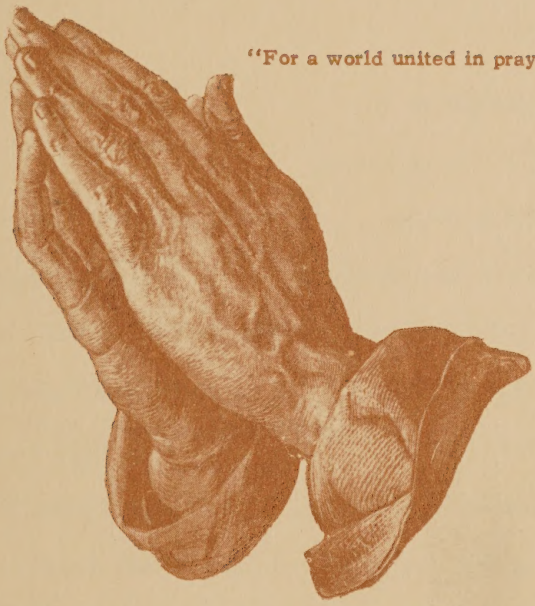
Fellowship in Prayer



"For a world united in prayer"

Man's awakening to his individual responsibility is the beginning of wisdom and of world salvation. The way we measure up to our individual responsibility; the way we respond to the challenge of opportunity; the way we use our God-given freewill is the measure of our spiritual growth and the determiner of our destiny.

—Harry Halsey Starrett

olume XVII **OCTOBER 1966** Number 5

OUR PURPOSE

To promote the practice of prayer among ALL religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

22 East 29th Street New York 16, N.Y.

Volume XVII October 1966 Number 5

DEAR CONSCIENCE:

Acquainted with your stealth
Why am I caught so often unaware
By subtle thrust
Of prodding intolerable despair. . .

Mea culpa, mea culpa
Following...following and finding;
Is there refuge from your skilled
On-the-mark-reminding

Or must one brave the unrelenting scourge
And bear its plyed chicane
To serve apprenticeship
In privileges of pain

Until your lone, beset, bewildered
Hurting prey—compelled by heart and reason—
Yields at last
To ways of things in season

— Carla Patsuris

EDITORIAL

GIVING THANKS

THE WORD "Thanksgiving" in the United States is immediately mentally related to a time both festive and sober. It is a time of humble gratitude and simultaneous joy for those blessings we may individually count; but also it is a season of quiet and concerned reflection over the continuing situations of so many who seem to have so little for which to be grateful.

Prayers of gratitude, for praying people, need not be stimulated by public proclamation—they are a part of daily, perhaps hourly, occurrence among spiritual people communing with God.

At the same time, it is not wrong to set aside a special time for petitions of gratitude. None of us has attained such a state of prayerful existence that we stand beyond the need to answer calls for mass supplication to a God of love.

* * * * *

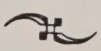
AT THIS Thanksgiving Season, as we look beyond our personal situations there is an inclination to view cynically the world around us. A glance at news headlines gives rise to the thought that man is bent on his own destruction and is rapidly rushing toward that goal. We have only to note the tragic dispatches from Vietnam, the tales of political vilification, the reports of crime and violence, to reach such a pessimistic conclusion. Yet, to give all emphasis to turmoil and terror is to be less than perceptive, if not outrightly defeatist. As we look broadly at the world today we can find, if we will, cause for hope, perhaps even a spark of optimism. We can be grateful for new growth of an attitude among many people which has as its basis not recrimination but reconciliation.

It is not our place or intention here to comment on the validity or virtue of the warring factions in Vietnam. We must join all those, however, who urge that both political and military strategy have as their ultimate goal the realization of a just peace rather than forceful conquest. As this is being written, Pope Paul VI has urged that the month of October be set aside as a time of world-wide prayer for peace. Simultaneously, we pray that the pontiff's call—and those pleadings of many others for a "peace offensive" based on prayer—is heeded among people of all religions.

* * * * *

IT IS DIFFICULT to find grounds for gratitude in the face of the terror of a Vietnam, or in situations that find children dying of starvation, or which lock men of different skin color in both physical and vicious verbal conflict. Yet, we must seek out those grounds; and, in a sense, perhaps we can find them as we realize that beneath the struggle and turmoil lies a deepening striving, an impatient demand, for freedom and justice. To be sure, that demand in too many cases is being manifested with clubs and guns. But a weapon also on the scene is love. To a new degree—for which we must be grateful—we find today a building atmosphere of understanding and cooperation among men of all religions. It can be seen, too, that while faces and voices of hate are all too evident, there also are growing instances of quiet, peaceful and honest recognition of men not for the color of their skin but for their colorless humanity.

Perhaps the development for which we can give most thanks today is an intangible—a spreading recognition among all men that their fellow men, whatever their nationality or origin, basically and essentially are spiritual beings. As we view the tangible evidence of hate and distrust—evidence at times almost overwhelming in its scope—we also must note the forces seeking to overcome that evil with love. We must pray for the proliferation of these forces.



Thoughts on Prayer. . .

Thomas F. Doyle

BIG PRAYERS AND LITTLE

Some time ago an Iowa clergyman reported that when his congregation gathered to pray for rain only one member brought his umbrella. Newspapers cited the incident to give their readers a chuckle.

It would have been better to show a more sober interest in the man who took his umbrella to church. Was he merely childishly naive, a person to laugh at? Or was he a man who took prayer seriously? Perhaps he carried his umbrella, not because he expected God to send a deluge of rain immediately, but as a token of his belief that God heeds all prayers, big or little.

If we find the man with the umbrella an object for fun-making, we should just as logically sneer at the mother who goes on her knees because her child has been taken suddenly ill. Or ridicule the the man who creeps into church to pray for a job, for relief from illness, or any other boon.

Many people seem to think it is all right to offer prayers for such collective blessings as world peace or the conversion of the heathen. Certainly it is noble to pray to God for the good of millions. It is also an excellent thing to ask for personal blessings. There is no better proof of a man's belief in one of the cardinal Christian tenets—that God has a personal interest in each of us and will not turn a deaf ear to our entreaties.

Undoubtedly, it is much better to pray for spiritual gifts—increase of faith, renewed hope, greater charity of mind and heart. Indeed, God expects us to ask him unceasingly for these graces. But He also is glad when we ask Him for material favors.

Whether or not God grants our temporal petitions is not vitally important. Many of the favors we ask may not be for our ultimate

good. But the fact that we do pray—for even the littlest boon—is pleasing to the Creator. It shows that we have trust in Him, and disposes Him all the more readily to come to our aid in the days when we must cry out in real and great need.

* * * *

BELIEF IN PRAYER

Faith is the essence of prayer. Yet very often a man will pray to God for some needed help or grace while all the time his mind is filled with doubt. It is to such an individual Scripture refers when it speaks of "a double-minded man, unstable in all his ways."

It is true that the mere act of praying denotes faith in God. If a man did not believe in God he would not turn to Him at all. The trouble, however, is that even as he prays a man may feel his prayers will not be heeded. He may consider himself unworthy of being heard. He may think that he does not pray fervently enough.

These and similar thoughts actually are temptations to keep a man away from God. They must be suppressed before they take hold of the mind. First, because it is a blasphemy to invoke God and not expect to be heard. Secondly, because Holy Writ unequivocally says: "...and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37).

It is well to keep in mind that prayer is not a vocation for saints alone. God does not "tune in" only on the strong and brave of soul. A man may be a great sinner. He may be laboring under some grave distress or difficulty. He may urgently need consolation or encouragement. Obviously what he has to do is to acknowledge his unworthiness, his helplessness, or his need, and kneel to God in supplication. He should tell him how bad things are, and then confidently leave everything to Him who is the refuge of sinners and the strength of the weak and oppressed.

A humble and contrite man knows that he can merit nothing before God. In other words, he is completely helpless. In acknowledging his impotence, however, he sheds the spirit of self-conceit and self-sufficiency which is the breeding ground of doubt. The more spiritual a man becomes, the

more confidently does he invoke the mercy of God.

Doubt in prayer disappears when one meditates sufficiently on God's infinite patience, understanding and love. We are all creatures of emotion, preys of all kinds of fears and worries. But God knows our weaknesses, and never tires of prompting and encouraging us to pray.

* * * *

WHEN TO PRAY

When a man says, "I don't feel like praying," or "I don't feel like going to church today," we recognize the dryness of spirit that is found even among the best Christians. We detect in his attitude the underlying fallacy that prayer or worship is most effective when it is touched with conscious fervor and sentiment.

It cannot be over-emphasized that man's approach to God should not be predicated upon mere emotion, but on a calm, rational, orderly and ever-continuing relationship. Prayer should not be a matter of mood, of feeling "up to it" or not. It should be as regular a part of daily living as eating, sleeping, or working.

The point to remember is that emotionalism has nothing to do with true religion. Man is a creature of moods; he alternates between despondency, fear, and uncertainty, and the peaks of courage, exaltation, and joy. Since prayer is a way of communion with God, and since man must forever keep God in his heart, it follows naturally that there can never be a valid excuse for denying the Creator the homage due Him.

Also, it is to be kept in mind the prayer that comes easily and spontaneously may be infinitely less precious to God than the cry that reaches Him from one who, like Job, sits in the pit of gloom. The essential truth is that, while man should never cease to offer prayer to God, there is no time when prayer is more necessary or more fruitful than when it must force its way by the strength of faith alone out of a heart grown arid and heavy.

Albert Schweitzer

1875-1965

I WILL NEVER SEE HIS GRAVE

Marion Mill Preminger
Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur

I will never see his grave. We had agreed upon this during one of our endless talks. I have always kept my promises and I shall keep this one too, even more firmly now that he is no longer among the living. "Don't you come back to Lambaréné after I am gone," he told me then. "What is of real significance in me will always stay with you. Please do not mourn and do not wear black!" And, with one of his expressive gestures, he added: "Well . . . you know what I think of all this and other external manifestations. Promise me right now that you will not be concerned about a monument. I already know that some people will not leave you in peace and will insist on it. I want to lie forever under this palm tree," and he pointed to a palm tree growing opposite his living quarters.

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I am the only living person, with the exception of his two oldest co-workers, who had spent all his birthdays with him, from his seventy-fifth to his ninetieth. About a month before his death I received the longest, friendliest and warmest letter he ever wrote to me, full of

gratitude for all I did for the leper colony, for the hospital and for him. The letter ended with these words: "I know, nobody keeps my birthdays as religiously as you do. Come earlier this year and stay longer, so that we have ample time to philosophize. I promise you this will be a much quieter birthday than the ninetieth was." He kept his promise—as he always did. The ninety-first birthday will be much quieter for me than any of his other birthdays.

And then came the week of anguish when the radio broadcasted daily bulletins: The *Grand Docteur* has collapsed from overfatigue . . . there might be some hope . . . he is in a coma . . . he has passed away, quietly, in peace and in dignity.

A long distance call came from Paris. After slamming the telephone down, I stood before his bust, shivering in the summer heat. I looked out of the window on Park Avenue. The sky was blue like the African sky over Lambaréné he had loved so much and we had gazed at so often together. I stood there, dry-eyed, swallowing hard—I don't know how long, maybe for hours . . . I wished I could have cried, or shouted, or done something, but I just stood there silently.

Tears sprang only when I received a telephone call from my old window cleaner. "You don't remember me, m'child, Dr. Preminger," he said, "I am your old, old window cleaner. I remember when I cleaned the windows in your small apartment years ago I always looked in at the bust of Dr. Schweitzer, while standing outside your window, and I polished and polished the glass until I could see clearly the face of the Old Doctor. I loved him so much!" Suddenly I began to sob: *"Oh, Grand Docteur, Grand Docteur!"* and the old window cleaner cried: "Oh, m'child, what a great loss for all the poor people in the world, what a great loss for such a poor old man as me. I never go out without the little book of his life story you gave me ten years ago."

This old weeping window cleaner, who always carried a small worn book in his pocket, was a symbol of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's entire life. I could not imagine that during his lifetime, which ran four months short of ninety-one years, there could have been one single person, old

or young, rich or poor, who would not have loved him. In his living and loving he was as innocent and pure-hearted as a child or a saint.

I cried when the newspapers showed the picture of the simple wooden box, the coffin of every patient who dies at the hospital. I cried when I saw them carry the white wooden cross he had made himself. I cried when I heard that my adopted leper children from the leper village—where he had named the main square "Place de la Mère Marion"—sang in Galoa dialect *"Loanni inani kende kende"* ("May you rest in peace"). I cried when I read that our greatest humanitarian was buried in the red African soil like the poorest native from the jungle, in accordance with his own wishes. I cried when I learned that they sang his favorite psalm *"Reste avec nous Seigneur, reste avec nous."* The second verse they sang in German: *"Ach bleib mit Deiner Gnade"* ("Rest with your grace").

I cried when I heard that President Leon M'Ba of the Republic of Gabon, where the Doctor had spent the last fifty-two years of his life, claimed him as the oldest and most famous Gabonese: "The venerable and venerated citizen of the world has passed away. The African soil accepts him as the most precious gift it has ever received. *Grand Docteur,* now you will be ours forever."

At dawn the bell, presented to him on his eightieth birthday, started to toll. "I love the sound of this bell," he often said, and how often he called my attention to the little grey birds which flew around it, singing the most complicated Bach embellishments, because they never heard any other music. He loved the nests of the birds in the trees. He loved the trees in the jungle.

The rainy season is just beginning in Lambaréné. When the wind dies down the trees in the jungle are silent. They have a bitter smell. He loved this bitter smell.

I didn't dare to open the drawers where I kept more than three hundred of his letters. I didn't dare to look into these papers and all my other priceless Lambaréné mementoes. I kept all his letters, the briefest

messages he wrote to me, every scrap of the notes he made when he re-edited his book about Johann Sebastian Bach, some beautifully smooth pebbles he picked up from the banks of the Ogowe River in the *saison seche,* when you could walk into the middle of the river without getting wet. "It looks like the second day of the Creation. The sky goes into the river, the river into the jungle. What a romantic place. It would be so natural if an ichtyosaurus, or some other pre-historical animal, would appear on the horizon. What a strange thing that we human beings are here," he told me once.

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I didn't dare to look at the many photographs taken by hundreds of tourists during the last fifteen years, mostly on a bench near the Moslem cemetary he gave to the Housa tribe. Every year I had engraved the date of his birthday on this bench. This year there was very little space left on it. He remarked pensively: "There is no more place for another birthday." Half a dozen people, guests and staff, assured in unison that there were ten more places. He did not smile. "I made this bench, *mon Grand Docteur,*" I said "and there is enough space on it for you to be a hundred! Do you want to bet again?" I asked. "No more betting for me," he replied, "because I don't want you to lose." This was the last time we sat together on the wooden bench known in whole Gabon. I will never see it again . . .

We had made the first bet on his eightieth birthday. He told me then that he didn't expect to live much longer. I answered I was sure we would be around on his ninetieth birthday. He said it was a bet. That evening I placed, as I had done it every year, the number of his birthday before his dinner plate and said: "I'll take with me only the number eight, so that I will have to buy one number only, the number nine for your ninetieth birthday—and the zero we'll use again in ten years." Everybody at the table laughed and the Doctor said gayly: "You certainly caught the Schweitzer spirit of thrift!" And he repeated then the words I will treasure till the end of my life: "Nobody knows me better than you do."

On January 14th of this year—his ninetieth birthday—he recalled

our bet and asked me how it was to be paid. The only thing I wanted was the thirty-two year old pair of shoes I had always seen him wear. At first, they had been used to play the organ; later on they were worn on the hospital compound, and still later in the muddy earth when we built the new leper village. He gave me the shoes, and also the black pastor's tie he had worn only for funerals.

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In 1952, after he had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, Dr. Schweitzer decided to build a permanent village for the lepers, who had lived until then in a cluster of thatch-roofed huts. Standing like a giant palm tree among all other palms, he fought the white ants which destroyed his hospital, he fought famine, he fought epidemics—but neither starvation nor disease could weaken his iron will. He went on working, building the leper village, maternity wards, a mental asylum, until the hospital can now take care of five hundred and fifty patients, two hundred lepers, and the innumerable ambulatory cases that flock in daily for treatment.

His hospital, as poor as it is, is a living monument to his principle of reverence for life. He fed, housed, clothed, nursed and medicated all its patients, and human kindness was one of his most potent medicines. True, it had no running water and no electricity, yet it was a beacon of light to all other hospitals.

The miraculous thing about this hospital and the *Grand Docteur* was not what he was doing in Africa but what others did because of him all over the world. He made millions of people discover their own heart. They followed his teachings—reverence for life for everything living, for everything breathing.

In his body he had a handful of flesh with the image of God—his heart. He could not see people suffer. In this century, when cruelty and war are a natural state of affairs, this last Universal Sage was teaching in the jungle the fundamentals of his religion of love: Reverence for Life.

He was not only great because he was a great scientist, a great philosopher, a great historian, a great musician, a great doctor, a great humanitarian, a great teacher—he was great because he himself was a lesson in humble service to humanity. He said to his disciples: "Truth has no special time of its own—its time is now, always." Such teachings had no introspective frontiers and that is why he had so many followers, more and more day after day, as there are a million blades of grass to one oak tree. He was a one man Peace Corps, long before anybody had dreamed about it, when he said in 1910: "I want to do good—and not preach it." He was the twentieth century greatest philanthropist because he gave himself.

I always thought when looking at him: "What a wonderful contradiction. The greatest philanthropist of this century is a poor man. He lives in a simple wooden house and his 'new' shoes are eighteen years old!" I marveled that he did not know he was a philanthropist, for I am sure that saints do not know they are saints in their life time, and a giant palm tree does not know how high it towers above the other trees. He was an ordained minister, but he became a manual laborer and remained one almost to his last days. He worked silently, day and night, winter and summer, in the most torrid heat, and always for others. This was the proof that he had not only coined the term "Reverence for Life" but that he lived it—and it was hard to live it in this century and in the African jungle.

He was one of the greatest thinkers of the contemporary world. With him thought and action were one, and that is the most one can say about a thinker. He combined force with balance, originality and breadth. His doors were never closed, everybody was allowed to enter. He was an epitome of tolerance and a tower of patience.

I shall keep my promise. I will never see his grave under his favorite palm tree. I know that I shall not think more or less of him than I did at any other time, since I have been thinking of him all through my adult life, whether I saw him or not, whether I heard him or not. Wherever I was, near him or far away, I believed in him with all my awareness and

I always remember his words and his teachings. I know the titles of all his books in all their translations. I know all his anniversaries, his wedding day, his mother's birthday, the dates of his honors. He didn't remember when he became an ordained minister, but I knew it was on the 23rd of September 1900. I knew the most important day of his life—January 14, 1905—when he foresook worldly ambitions for the pursuit of his spiritual ideals. I was the one who remembered every year the Friday before Easter, since that was the day in 1913 when he, one of the most revered men in Europe, went as an unknown missionary doctor to a little known continent: Africa.

All the occurrences of life filled him with joy: the fact that he was born, that he had a happy childhood and learned easily, that his ears had been created for music. He got a great amount of pleasure when a breeze came and he was able to breathe some fresh air. He was able to rejoice when he felt the rain and saw a rainbow after a storm. The glorious magnificence above him and around him enchanted him always. He loved God and all his creations. He was a Man of God.

In later years, when sitting with him in the sizzling equatorial heat, one didn't feel that he had the harmonies of Bach in his ears, or the poems of Goethe on his lips, or the philosophy of Kant in his brain—only the Mercy of Christ that was in his heart.

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Only now do I begin to understand why he said I should not return to Lambaréné after his death, for I know that what was significant in him, his being with all its vitality, will remain omnipresent in me. I know now that in his death he will become more demanding than when he was alive. I feel that he will not make mourning easy for me. He is dead—but he refuses to become a memory. He forbids monuments. He insists on staying alive in the stream of events. "Man belongs to Man. Men have rights on Men—more, Men have claims on Men." He will always exist, because he refuses to turn to dust in a graveyard.

When I think of the space, the universe, the new technical inventions, I want to cry because I can no longer share my thoughts with him. Every year I had cut clippings from magazines and newspapers, which I brought with me to Lambaréné: a beautiful new bridge, an unusually good looking baby, a deer somewhere in a forest. He loved animals with an intense passion, and he hated pain. At rare times, when I saw him upset and sad it was because of sick people in pain who could not be helped. He was unable to understand how healthy people could live without helping others and without reverence for life. "Ethics is nothing else but reverence for life, he said. "When will people understand that?"

I will always feel the brotherly love that was so deeply rooted in his heart. I will always feel that the old dying leper woman, whose hands he held all night long, was really I and all the people in the world, the baby he picked up was all the babies in the world, and the ants he protected were really all the animals in the world. I will feel his presence wherever I am when something new will happen in the world, the solar system, the universe, anything connected with the life he loved so much. I will see his majestic head, his face lighted with a smile, and feel the heart behind the brain that wanted to sacrifice all for the sake of mankind. I will never stop loving him for the miraculous bond he created between people. All this because I feel more than ever since his death that knowledge belongs to everybody, that love is the only patrimony of humanity, and kindness the only torch which lightens the world.

"In all our lives comes a time when our inner light goes out and could be put to flame again by the encounter with another human being." For millions of lonesome and forlorn people Dr. Albert Schweitzer was such a human being.

He left this legacy:

"Because I have confidence in the power of truth and of the spirit, I believe in the future of mankind."

Prayer Lifts The Consciousness

Mildred Long

WHATEVER prayer is to any of us, we do expect some results. The major results, I believe, lie in the field of a changed consciousness. Prayer is most effective and most desired because of what it does to us and in us.

In middle life I spent a number of years in a state of complete incapacity and weakness. Knowing that I must contact God's power in order to get out of that condition, I spent much time and thought in learning to pray.

At times when in deep meditation, I became more conscious of God's presence than of myself, I felt a great exhilaration. I was sure I could arise from my bed and do anything I wanted to do. For the moment, the consciousness of strength and serenity superceded weakness. But when I drew my consciousness back to physical realities, the assurance vanished.

However, this experience opened to me a door into a new kind of faith. Because I could experience this feeling of strength in contact with God's Spirit, I knew that the strength would become real and permanent if I could make the contact permanent. Thus, I began to practice the Presence of God. The results were exactly what I envisioned.

* * * *

RECENTLY, an attractive young mother sat with me telling of her emotional problems. She told of an experience of a changed consciousness during which healing took place very rapidly in her infected leg. Then I knew she would understand this approach to prayer. For this is exactly what she had done—made connection with the Higher Power so effectively that she was lifted into a different consciousness and therefore partially set free from the material consciousness.

We live, as it were, in a three-story house. There is the basement of darkness—its chilly fears and heavy grief. There is the middle floor of normal awareness of life—its duties and joys, its problems and challenges. And there is an upper story—where we may experience release from darkness and the weight of life's problems—this upper story is the *spiritual awareness*. Too often we forget to go upstairs, or fail to make the effort.

In meditation, we lift our consciousness up above the world. Desire and will cooperate to climb the stairs. We sit in God's presence. The air is clear and fresh. There is a sense of freedom and light. We are taking a vacation from problems and worries and centering our thought on God. In this quietness and concentration we are transformed. New life surges through the body; healing of old wounds takes place. And we emerge from a half hour of such contact refreshed, encouraged, ready to tackle life again. We should spend some time upstairs every day.

* * * *

AT A SUMMER campground the junior age boys and girls were spending a week. My duties were mostly with the permanent camp staff, but often I visited the infirmary to add a bit of cheer or variety to those confined to bed.

One evening, just as I was retiring, the nurse came to my room to ask for my help. They had a homesick girl in the infirmary who had been crying for two solid hours. Nothing had availed to pacify her. Would I come over and see what I could do?

So I sat on the bed beside this lovely golden-haired girl and put my hand on hers. I asked no questions, offered no consolation, just began talking about Jesus and how He loved little children. I asked her to see herself as a part of that group of children that gathered around Jesus—to feel He was holding her in His lap, touching her hand and her head, and looking at her with His tender, understanding eyes.

As I talked quietly, her sobbing ceased. Then I spoke of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, and how He cares for His sheep so lovingly, going into some detail. And then together we said the Twenty-third Psalm. Still she was wide-eyed and solemn, but quiet.

Then I said: "Now close your eyes and go to sleep. I will stay right here." She closed her eyes and in a very short while she was sound asleep. I slipped out, hoping she would sleep through the night.

The next day I learned that a loud noise had waked her within an hour. She was happy again and asked to go back to her cabin for the night.

At the end of the week I again visited the infirmary. Here was another junior girl. "Oh," she said, "You're the lady who prayed for my friend and made her all well."

"Who?" I asked, "the little homesick girl?"

"Yes," she said. "She came back to the cabin and said you prayed for her and made her all well."

This is an excellent definition of prayer. The words I used were not petition or any form of vocal prayer as we usually hear it. But they brought the child into the realization of the Presence of Christ and her feeling and attitude were changed.

True prayer makes us aware of God, transforms our outlook on life, sweetens our dispositions. Through this kind of prayer we can learn to live upstairs at the same time we are carrying on life's occupations downstairs. It is the changed consciousness that changes all aspects of our living.

PERCEPTION

"What you do without understanding,
when done with understanding,
is not the same thing;
the sage is free to do all things."

Spontaneously these words
were given for me to speak
in a crucial moment
when wisdom for action
was sorely needed;
wisdom to overcome
a mind inflexibly
bound by ideas pronounced truth
yet spawning a mentality
making scandals of many things—
a mind spurning freedom
of heartfelt action.
Gracious chivalry
towards man and world struggled,
caught in a finely-spun web
of gray ideals
concealing the bright light
of righteous understanding.

O, smile of wisdom,
bruised beneath the bitter
relentless heel
of intolerant irrationality,
in one deep breath you triumphed!
An adamant wall fell
before the silent might
of Holy Spirit speech,
setting at liberty shrouded love;
love that is understanding,
love which, by its own nature,
clothes action with glory.

— Lillian Wade Koerner

VIGNETTES

Svea Alice Yeager

REVERENCE

A white church steeple
points directly to Our Lord,
welcoming people.

WHY?

A tree to me is
a glorious creation,
why must man destroy?

INNOCENCE

Clenched, closed tiny hands
of child in meditation
pray to save our land.

TREASURE

One's most precious gift
is the possession of friends;
life they can uplift.

LIFE'S GIFTS

Friends whom I have made
mean so very much to me;
How can I repay?

DREAM HOUSE

In our small lath-house
Japanese temple bells chime—
time—meditation.

THE GODDESS OF ALEXANDRIA

Mark Halpern

Perhaps the most important effect of spiritual enlightenment upon the life of the individual is that fear of every kind vanishes as though it had never been. So strong is the realization of the immortality of the soul, that even the shadow of death is seen to be but a passing illusory cloud, quickly disappearing in the blazing glory radiating from the Cosmic Sun of Life Eternal. And it is by means of such realization, through the opening of spiritual vision, that the heroic pioneers of the human spirit transcend all mortal fears in their self-sacrificing service for humanity.

* * *

MANY CENTURIES ago, at a time when the cultural life of Alexandria in Egypt was at its highest glory, there lived a man of great soul and mind named Theon. His fame spread to all the centers of higher learning throughout the world. None could take such lofty intellectual flights into the abstract realms of metaphysics and higher mathematics as he. His genius was beyond mere human understanding.

Yet with all his exceptional powers of mind and soul, with all the hours he gave to profound contemplation of the laws and mysteries of life, he never forgot to find moments for the expression of those simple and graciously human qualities that all great souls possess. And although he was envied by many for the wonderful gifts of genius the gods had bestowed upon him, Theon himself accounted as his greatest gift, his remarkable daughter Hypatia, who seemed bent on becoming as great a thinker as he himself.

There came a time when Theon decided he had better take a fatherly hand in the best interests of his daughter's future. True, he was proud of Hypatia's power of intellect. But he did not want his daughter of eighteen to become so lost in the realms of higher learning that she would forego the joyous hours of romance and congenial com-

panionship so necessary to the harmonious life of young womanhood.

Thus it was, on a certain afternoon, when they happened to be sitting together in his library, that Theon mentioned the subject: "I know you will understand, Hypatia, and not feel that I am trying to dominate you, but I think you are spending too many hours in study and writing on philosophy and mathematics."

Hypatia smiled, and the light that shone from her eyes illumined the exquisite symmetry of her features, heightening the chaste smoothness of her broad forehead. "I know what you are going to say, Father. You would much rather have me devoting myself to social pleasures befitting a normal young woman. Is it not so?

"Yes—yes, my daughter. You are your usual direct self, and that is the way I prefer it. Let us speak out frankly, or not at all. Above all else, Hypatia, I do not want you to feel that I am opposed to your great interest in higher learning. No one has the right to block the natural bent and aptitudes of another soul. All I am suggesting is, that you give everything in your life its proper place. I would not want to think that in your latter years you will experience regret and unhappiness on account of missing your opportunities for romance and— perhaps—."

"Matrimony, Father?"

"I—I had hoped—that some day—"

"Of course you had hoped—as all parents hope—that your bookish and intellectual daughter be married some day—before it is too late—to some eligible young man of worthy family and background. But, Father, I have already decided to give my whole life to the career I have chosen."

"Why cannot you write your philosophical commentaries and give occasional lectures even as a married woman?"

"No—it cannot be. There is a reason—a vitally important reason why it cannot be. And I do not wish to reveal it to you or anyone.

It is—it is something too holy and sacred even to be disclosed to my own father. Please try to understand."

AS THE DAYS went by, Theon made every effort to understand his daughter's viewpoint. But the more he thought about it, the more it seemed to him that Hypatia was intent on making a needless sacrifice. As for her "reason," it was probably not as important as she held it to be. If only she could be brought together with some young man of exceptional high-minded qualities, one of similar temperament as herself.

And so it was that one day a noted young Greek sculptor, called Polonus, was conducted to Hypatia by her father, where the young woman sat reading in the garden. The parent went on to say: "Polonus has repeatedly asked for the privilege of doing you in marble. He maintains that he has never beheld such a perfect model for The Goddess of Beauty, as he intends to name the statue."

Hypatia glanced up with a gracious smile to the young sculptor. "Ah, Polonus, you have a wonderful gift for flattery. Have I not told you in the past that I have no desire to be done in marble—and that there are many young women in Alexandria—and no doubt in your native Athens—more worthy of being a model for your 'Goddess of Beauty'."

The handsome Grecian features of the young sculptor became almost painful to behold in their beseeching expression. "But, Hypatia, have I not solemnly declared to you more than once that I have been searching the world over for seven long years, to find a model of such flawless beauty of form and features as would inspire me to create my masterpiece, The Goddess of Beauty. I pray you, Hypatia, do not deny me the hours I ask of your precious time."

Here the father, seeing Hypatia's face soften, walked off noiselessly, leaving the young people alone.

Hypatia finally nodded in consent. "Your perseverance has conquered me, Polonus. If I continue to refuse, I fear my heart may turn into marble."

It was arranged that Hypatia give an hour every other day to the sculptor. But with every meeting, Polonus took longer, spending more time in declaring his love for Hypatia than in sculpturing.

As for Hypatia, she had always been attracted toward Polonus in the brief moments she had been with him. Now, however, in closer proximity and for what turned out to be hours at a time, she felt all the pure love of her feminine nature being roused as never before. She knew that unless she acted and brought to an end their meetings, she would forget her vow to give all her life to her pioneering effort for womankind, and find herself married to Polonus. The next day when Polonus arrived, she lost no time in telling him that she could see him no more.

"But why not, Hypatia. Have I not told you a thousand times of my love for you? It is you who are my Goddess of Beauty—not this lifeless statue I am sculpting. I want to marry you, Hypatia."

"Nay, Polonus, it cannot be."

"But what is the reason? If you will be so cruel, Hypatia, I shall give up my sculpting forever. Beauty will become a mockery to me."

"Nay, Polonus—speak not so. You must continue to give of beauty to the world. But I feel I owe you at least my reason, for which you ask. I have never spoken of this to another, not even to my father. Know then, that when I was sixteen, a man of radiant figure and wondrously glowing eyes appeared to me, as though out of the air, as I was walking in the garden. When he spoke his voice was like that of a god. And he said: 'Hypatia, do you fear a martyr's death?' And when I told him I had no fear of death, for I knew that the immortal soul of every human being abides forever in Life Eternal, he continued: 'Then know, O chosen one, that your sacrifice for the Truth will lead you to the reward of martyrdom, for many will hold your teachings to be blasphemous to the Creator. Yet if you but say the word now, you can turn aside from such an end to your present life and live out your length of days.'

"But I did not turn aside, Polonus, for I fear not death, knowing it is but a name of something that does not exist. And so the figure vanished. And my vision was opened, and I saw that space, and every living thing, radiated the Life Eternal. And if I, dear Polonus, am willing to give my life to martyrdom, will you not continue to give yours to Beauty?"

Dropping to his knees before Hypatia, Polonus raised the hem of her robe to his lips. "Yes, my divine Goddess of Beauty, it shall be even as you say. With you as my great inspiration for the rest of my days, I will create beauty for the world of men. Let this be our farewell, then." And rising, he turned and walked hastily off..

* * *

And so can all of us be dispensers of Light and Beauty in this world, if we but realize there is nothing to fear. We are all immortal souls and no harm can come to our Eternal Self which abides forever in the Cosmic Heart of God. Once all fear has vanished from our consciousness, we can speak words of patient serenity and illumined understanding to our distraught fellow men...yes, healing words of Enlightenment for the redemption of the world....

Indeed, the search for God outside us goes on, until we make the discovery that our heart is the shrine in which the Lord of the universe dwells in all His glory.

— Ramdas (India, 1962)

THANKSGIVING

Buddy Arnold

A look at the calendar tells me that it is time to write a thought or two for Thanksgiving again. What to write is always a problem, but last night I was reading in my Bible, and I came across a passage that told man to make a joyful noise unto the Lord.

So I sat and thought about Thanksgiving, and asked myself what it truly was.

Was it just a tradition? Was it just a day to make merry or to feel pride in the Pilgrim fathers? Was this all Thanksgiving meant? What was the true message? Did the Pilgrims have something to say to man today? These were the questions that raced through my mind as sleep came to my body.

THIS MORNING I awoke with the answers. Wasn't Thanksgiving Day a joyful noise to the Lord? Indeed it was! Was this the message that the Pilgrim fathers wanted to deliver to future generations? I believe so.

We surely are not making a joyful noise. Man today weeps and wails. He sees nothing but darkness. His world is at the end of its rope. He throws up his hands in despair. We are lost. What nonsense! Man experienced darkness before, and that very darkness led him to seek the light more completely.

DID the Pilgrim fathers weep, wail, and shake in their boots? They did not. They crossed the great ocean, and they tamed a wild country and with the help of God made a great nation. Perhaps the darkness which they endured was in lesser degree, but what man can say? Yet they went forward in faith. They took time to make a joyful noise.

And so a tradition was started. A day was set aside to make a joyful noise.

I THINK that we need to reclaim this faith and courage that dwelled in the hearts of the Pilgrim fathers, and we should also count our many blessings and make a joyful noise unto the Lord. I think as we do, we will realize that all is not as bad as it might seem. God is yet in control, and He will never forsake us. God is very good.

NEW GOLD

I have a pan of new gold
Mined from a mountain stream—
A handful of hidden treasure,
A real prospector's dream.
My burro stands munching the green grass
Contented with life as am I,
Glad for a rest from his seeking
Through hills that are parched and dry.
I have found a hope in the sunset,
In the better years of my life,
No more shall I quarrel or fret
With the world or its trouble or strife;
For I have found in my search
The greatest "Eureka" of all—
Not the painted glass of some great church,
But my heart has heard a call. . .
And just as the small boy Samuel
Listened and heard his Lord,
Now, I too, know as well
The call of the Spirit-filled Word!

— Laurence E. Estes

A man's life is like a well not like a snake—it should be measured by its depth not by its length.

—Elbert Hubbard
By courtesy of Frank A. Mastropaolo

A SHEPHERD'S PSALM

Far above the four heavens,
Our blue deep lands,
Sits Our Holy One, the Holy Almighty God;
Who guided our forefathers
Down through the centuries.
Thou hast led them in sorrows and joy;
Therefore we praise Thy name forever and ever.

Thou hast also led us into this land.
Thou hast given us roots and berries to eat
And the pure animals for food and clothing.

We stand before Thee with the little lambs
in our arms at noon hour;
Whose mothers have left them for the far beyond.
Which way to turn? To none other than to
Thee, Our Heavenly Father.

The footprints of our Elder Brother can
still be seen faintly.
One cannot find these footprints but by
very careful sight.
Their tread goes higher and higher.
But some day we will catch up with our
Elder Brother in the Far Beyond,
Above the four deep blue lands.

Albert Bradley, Navajo Tribe

Submitted by Clyde Deniston. A poem distributed by the Cook Christian Training School, an interdenominational institution for Indians of all tribes, of Tempe, Arizona.

HAPPINESS HERE AND NOW

THE NATURE OF HAPPINESS

Genevieve Burnell

It is well known among the doctors today who practice psychosomatic medicine that man has to be treated as a whole, that he cannot have a really healthy body unless his soul is flowing with happiness.

Happiness is vital. It is really a tremendous energy; it is almost what you might call the vigor of incorruption that is manifest in a person's body—happiness. People think they feel healthy and well and therefore they are happy; but actually you can turn it the other way around; if they are happy they feel good. It is hard to determine which comes first because they cohere so completely.

The psychologists and psychiatrists and all of medical science recognize the importance of happiness. You can't really live unless you are happy. But then, people say, "How can I make myself happy?" Happiness is a spiritual thing, and it is something that we can't take medicine for. Today there is talk about "Happy Pills," but they don't really make a person happy; they may release tension for the moment, but they are not the answer. The only answer is in finding what happiness really is, in keeping your spiritual eye upon it, and letting it pour through, because it is there. You can't possibly escape it; it is the presence of God. And unless you shut your mind and your heart to this presence, this happiness is available to you.

> *...just in the proportion you are happy,
> you are alive in the same proportion,
> It does not take anything, really, to
> make you happy....The facts have nothing
> to do with it.
>
> *George Edwin Burnell, "Hamlet" p. 17

It is happiness itself that makes you happy. People say, "How can I be happy when everything is disturbed and upset?" The answer is by being happy. It is like saying, "How can I learn to pray?" The only way to learn to pray is to pray.

I have had people ask me so many times, "How can I do the will of God—I would like to, but how can I?" And the only answer is by doing it. And it is the same thing with this matter of happiness and being alive to the spirit of truth. How can you be happy except by being happy? It doesn't come because you have piled up good fortune on one side, or happy chances on another; it comes because you have discovered that happiness is the spirit of truth, it is the gift of God, it is the flow of the spirit in you, and therefore it is vital; and it pours into the soul and runs over from the cup of the soul, and is manifest in its own exterior radiation.

You learn to be happy by being happy. It is not a coincidence that when people set their goal on being happy they find that it comes easier and easier because they have opened up the floodgate to this spiritual action that is always seeking the soul in which to manifest.

The Orientals spoke of the body of man as being an instrument of right knowledge, perfectly constructed to function as it was intended to function—aimed at happiness. And because the intelligence of God has ordained it to happiness there is no failure in it regardless of what we may think about it. So the moment we have found in ourselves this objective of our lives, truth, we are on the way to happiness. And, strange to say, this "way" is not a direction, it has nothing to do with traveling; it is something that takes place within a person, it is becoming acquainted with what you are.

As you awaken and become acquainted with what you are, with the true Self, you will know this true Self by the happiness that manifests, not only in you, but around you; because it is an exterior radiation of an interior deification. Happiness is interior deification, a divine thing, and the more we recognize it and the more we become ac-

quainted with it, the more deeply we perceive it, the more powerful, the more vital it becomes in our lives. Therefore it is spoken of as the "end," the "reason," the "purpose"—not that which dissolves man, but that which fulfills him. When he reaches his goal, his fulfillment, he no longer misses the mark. Fulfillment is the sense of beatific happiness.

Blessedness is another name for it, and this has perhaps a stronger meaning than the word we are accustomed to, because we associate the word "happiness" so constantly with material things. And so, by recognizing the fact that blessedness is happiness we deliver it from the influence of material things. We may seem to have many ends, many reasons for doing this or that, but actually, instead of being diverted by the circuitous ways, we discover that all of these ends really sublimate themselves to the one end which is the perception of truth, which is God. *As we follow this way, the way itself becomes enlightened and illumined and joyous. And instead of following a gloomy path, we find that we are acquiring vitality and strength and the vigor of incorruption as we move toward that which is our blessedness.*

FULL SAILS AHEAD

We are sailing life's tremendous sea
The courageous captain cries.
What do you see ahead my mate?
Rocks and storms and waves?
Then clear the deck, and hoist the flag,
Of Faith and Hope and Love.
Be not discouraged, let us pray
That we shall reach the shore.
We thank thee Lord, for loving us,
Oh, help us love you more.

— Robert James Martin

DEATH IS NOT TO FEAR

Death is not to fear!
It is like a ship that sails across an unknown sea,
And, as it reaches the horizon, gradually disappears.

Death is not to fear!
It is just going from one room to another;
the door is then closed
And we, who are left behind
Can only wait until it is again opened,
and then go inside the room.

Death is not to fear!
We, who are left behind are unhappy for a time—
but then, we either
Take the ship that disappears beyond the horizon's edge,
or go into the room,
Where our friends await us.

Death is not to fear!
For God could not be so unkind to give us such fear
with which to live;
Think of Death as Resurrection—
Another unknown quest.

— Amy Carol Beard

Sharing the Burden

Cornelia Bagarotti

What is love unless it can prove itself in understanding and compassion? Love is silent prayer for courage breathed inwardly when a stranger who is crippled passes...when one sees an unknown person in depression or grief...the calling on Christ's light to heal strife in others and harmonize discord...the inward blessing with love of all we meet are love at work.

Few are in a position to donate millions to charitable endeavors, to take up a life of ministry or become missionaries or saints or martyrs or monks or nuns. But all have endless daily opportunities to give of themselves in countless ways that spread benison and carry the Christ-love into the world.

These opportunities include attentive listening to the cries unspoken in another's heart and warmth of response to their needs; kindliness of thought that carries patience and understanding and is free of censure; small acts of service or generosity; willingness to share skills; time given to thinking about others, and a warm, open hospitality under all circumstances. These are the inner carrying out of the injunction to *"Bear ye one anothers burdens"* and *"Feed my sheep."*

The briefest prayer for another can make the difference between the despair and failure of another heart to master life's trials and the renewed courage to conquer destiny. Fellowship can come in a thousand ways. The grandfather's walk with his grandchild, or the grandmother's baking cookies with her grandchild are as much acts of love as the minister's prayer or the priest's communion service.

What counts in all these expressions of love is *inner motivation.*

When the motive is to bring love and happiness to others the heart is pure. If the same acts are motivated by the desire to appear charitable, or to be popular or have recognition, then they are acts of selfishness. True love is selfless and seeks no other reward than the joy of giving and serving.

THANKSGIVING DAY

I AM THANKFUL for two precious eyes
Which gaze with awe and often admire
The peerless sight of dawn's slow rise,
Or opalescence of sunset's fire;
A crescent moon, a mackerel sky,
Or blending hues of a butterfly;
Perusal of volumes, fiction or true,
Great epic poems, ancient and new.

I AM GRATEFUL for two auditive ears
Which listen to a gale-swept sea,
Or hear the breeze that softly nears
And wakens the lark to lilt with glee;
Grand music that purges the blatant air,
Or solace from friends who really care;
The savant's voice in hallowed halls
And hymns that soothe like waterfalls.

I AM MINDFUL of this American sphere:
Its valiant, colorful history,
Its arts and crafts conceived beyond peer
By gallant craftsmen, fearless, free;
Its mountains, meadows, its war-spared shores,
The redwoods, elms and sycamores
That crown each queenly sovereign State—
And Charters to guard against tyranny's fate!

Let us bow in praise on this auspicious day
For all the blessings that grace our onward way!

— Aarno Davidson

NOTICES and COMMENTS

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS. Time passes quickly, and soon the Christmas Season will be upon us. We would suggest that it is not too early to start thinking of those many "special" gifts you want to be just right. Many have found that subscriptions to our bimonthly make a fine gift. We hope that many more will consider extending the work of the Fellowship in this manner. It would be appreciated if gift orders are placed as early as possible.

WORLD-WIDE DIVINE LOVE. Fellowship in Prayer is one of several spiritual centers across the country which makes available free copies of the leaflets issued by the World-Wide Divine Love Radiation Service, which offer a synchronizing time-table for locations around the globe. Synchronized prayer for peace by multitudes in many countries is a cause we heartily endorse. As stated in the leaflet, "Why not join hands with this peaceful army striving for peace?" Requests for the material may be made to our office; a substantial supply of these leaflets is on hand.

IN THIS ISSUE. This issue of our bimonthly again offers articles and poems by several friends and contributing editors whose work has proved spiritually beneficial to readers over the years—and also several selections from new contributors which we particularly recommend. We call special attention, with gratitude, to the article, "I Will Never See His Grave," by Dr. Marion Mill Preminger (page 7)—a personal and warm reminiscence of the great Dr. Schweitzer which strikingly conveys his humanity and humility. To all of our many old and new friends who make material available for our pages, we are grateful. And, as always, others are invited to submit their manuscripts for consideration.

SPECIAL PROJECT. Several friends of the Fellowship have responded to our invitation to send names and addresses of clergymen and spiritual leaders who might use their forums to emphasize the goals of *truth* and *brotherhood* we all seek. We still need your help and will welcome additional names. Please give this matter some thought and join in our extension project. We will be glad to contact those persons you suggest and send along complimentary copies, especially the June 1965 issue, which commemorated the fifteenth anniversary of the incorporation of Fellowship in Prayer and which includes an article on the life of the late Carl Allison Evans, who founded the Fellowship and whose spirit and vision keeps it alive and growing.

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

If your address has changed in recent months, we would like to be notified promptly, so that there may be no delay in receiving each issue of the bimonthly. Please send your old address as well as the new one—and don't forget to add the Zip Code number. Thank you!

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WE THANK THEE, LORD!

For peace of mind amid world strife;
For guidance on the road of life;
For daily blessings on us poured,
Accept our praise—we thank Thee, Lord!
For warmth, and light, in heart and soul,
With grace and strength to reach our goal,
For chance to ease another's load—
We bring deep gratitude to God!
For men who show real brotherhood,
And gracious, tender womanhood,
For all that brings us close to Thee—
Dear God, our thanks on bended knee!

— W. J. Thompson

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